

**Superluminal Pachyderm
presents**

Unsalted Pants

**Lyrics
by
Ken Robinson**

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Tracks:

1. Unsalted Pants (17:46)
2. Ich bin ein Dose (Ooomgn) (14:38)
3. Voices from the Nose (26:34)
 - a. A Hassock Ecological Library Table Chair as a Ghost
 - b. Chicken, Son of Bank
 - c. Breathing Encyclopedia Coverage of the Cabbage and the Dove
 - d. Smelling Pants and Teeth
 - e. Volume in the Nose Plugs

All music and lyrics by Ken Robinson

Barking on Track 2 by Nicky “Puppy” Houser (Classiques All The Trimmings).

Produced by Ken Robinson.

Recorded Jan. 2007-Dec. 2012.

Editions:

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Unsalted Pants

sneaker crumbs dropping from the table
rusty tendons, crumpled cables
happy photos riding a tank of blue seeds
bigger pants, lumpy millipedes
frozen speech inserted below the sink
xerox knowledge, peculiar hyperlinks

warrior of disciplined equipment
canned corn, telephone atonement
beautiful squash, thoughtful propellers
crunch circles reach industrial tellers
a master plan, relative pigeon poop
there are no eyes in the soup

business arrangements, stereo-enhanced diapers
scratching backs, original syntactic pipers
decisive holograms witness playgrounds
oversized vapor, vacuum technology unbound
whispered recombination, disconnected surplus
accessing refrigerated clothes and a big bus

rattlesnake rides, pockets filled with river parts
speaking of sky, imagine the shamrock art
fig traffic eclipses square poetics
complicated parentheses, porcupine attics
boxes of cumulus, spiral horsemen consume beans
suitcase and rocks in the oligocene

feel victory and structure, zero sequence
hibernate among periods and sentences
target laundry, eagle noses among boards
specialized tagging, bacon driving over gourds
statements from nails, a wall of foam
comfortable cheeses enjoy the idea of combs

cryptic dictionaries covered with steak sauce
patched interiors, gelatin-flavored moss
swollen postage stamps flying in a bathroom
key equations, vertical perceptions of brooms
bored bumblebees bobbing in the breeze
observations of the spectra of sneeze

elbow pads and chains, physical accretion
collections of triangles found in isolation

talk to the underwear, scoops of organic soils
cities slick with lettuce, omnivorous foot coils
copper potatoes communicate among sunflowers
mimic public soap, feel the power

Ich bin eine Dose (Ooomgn)

instrumental

Voices from the Nose

a. a hassock ecological library table chair as a ghost

be converted to a valid date in the sky
i found my toilet to clean the yard
i have a lot of manure bags
dumper truck with macaroni salad bird spot avenue
my headphones and spend of food safety cheese milk

the house eats bug junk car wheels
snow scooters and my brain pan-diarrhea
from now on, we can go to the mountain and cardboard
54 agents bathroom phone
you know, you know, ready to jump into the carpet of breeze

why won't weekday suffer into scroll?
around each cheek expires the tolerant moon
the complementary guideline dodges near the eagle
a pending driver eases scroll
timer wages the shining outlook in an imagined chemical

b. chicken, son of bank

chickens, chickens
i am the son of the sofa
chickens, chickens
i am the father of the rocking chair
chickens, chickens
we are all brothers in flatulence
chickens, chickens
I belch loudly into the air

(repeat)

c. breathing encyclopedia coverage of the cabbage and the dove

i'm temporarily alongside the puzzle pieces
in my water like to smell, iron ice
the situation in the banking sector centres inhibits camel cubic
be suspended, if your physical description and theme folder
i can't get my nose with a fork
pickle pants and swollen and my hot dogs and beer
kidney stones relief fiber paper bag, solar system news
three columns, sports service and horcicovou sauce
i know that my bathroom, i know jersey
i love dogs, striped catfish sandwich cheese pancakes cattle
cattle cattle

d. smelling pants and teeth

because the read and share my lunch today i do not eat
i found a lot of holes in the garden for the bags
macgregor fired a cave cavity press
convergence in the cemetery and ten pin bowling

royal pains in the ass are directing my traffic
i have a pudding of the gold and sofa cushion knees
binary and cutting machines wheel giant constructions
pooping my pants and eating spaghetti off the floor

i felt like toothpaste and goose pipe mechanics
popcorn, revolution, carrots, frozen nitrogen
i not the genre in the form of vinyl and cds loaded with france
give me tag junior gas and bad smell headlight

ice water and lemon juice diaper training manual
look out in space and the moon snoopy
vomiting and a ladder, belching up the magma
the smell and the special smell and odor and waste

oligarchy and peugeot running amok in a field of jeeps
house very stone demon and factory chimneys
tidal basin and large artificial earthquakes and skills
fine particles from protons and positrons and zoom

e. volume in the nose plugs

instrumental